

THE CITY BOARDER.

"She's going to take a little exercise," said Mrs. Hinkley to her husband as he came up hot and red for a drink of water from the well, and looking down the road he saw a smart, strange figure strutting along by the wayside.

"Oh, she is, is she?" responded the farmer dryly. He loosened the windlass and dropped the bucket down into the cool depths as he answered.

"And she's rigged out to kill in a sprigged muslin, just covered with lace ruffin," went on his wife, with an aggravated envy which only a woman can feel, "and ribbons—my! no end of 'em—and a big leghorn hat loaded down with flowers, and a white parasol. If she wears them things common, what can she have for meetin', Jabez?"

Whatever wise opinion Jabez may have entertained it was lost to the world, being uttered inarticulately from the bottom of a large tin dipper.

"White shoes and stockin's, too, and a pink silk petticoat. My land! what are folks comin' to? I read a piece in the paper the other day sayin' they was fash'n-able, but I never s'posed 'twas anything but newspaper talk. Her father must be pretty well off. She thought mebbe she'd walk up the hill to see the view. She says she's dreadful fond of nature."

"Humph!" Farmer Hinkley mopped his forehead. "Waal, it's lucky she's fond of it, for that's about all there is goin' on round here. She wants to learn to milk." His great sunburned face shone with amusement, and he winked one blue eye under the shaggy brow that half hid it. "I guess I'll learn her with Spotty."

"Ain't Spotty the one that kicks so?" Her husband nodded.

"Waal, you shan't do no such thing, Jabez Hinkley. Ain't you ashamed of yourself? She's real pretty spoken, and I shan't have no tricks played on her while she stays here. My! I guess if here ain't nothing wuss about folks than their bein' dressy they'll have to fill up the aisles in heaven with camp chairs to get 'em all in."

"Waal, I'm goin' back. I guess we shall git that hay in this mornin'. I want to hurry 'em up so as to take hold of the 10-acre lot tomorrow. You be sure and ring the dinner bell good and loud so I shall hear it."

"You come in right off when I ring an clean up a little. You ain't goin' to set down to the table in your shirt sleeves, now we've got boarders."

If Jabez Hinkley had been born in Paris he would have shrugged his shoulders as he walked off. But as the only world he had ever looked upon was up among the New Hampshire hills, the only expression he gave to his feelings upon the subject of dressing for dinner was to jam his dilapidated straw hat down firmly on his head and hitch up his trousers before he made his way out again into the broiling sunshine of the July day.

Mrs. Hinkley forgot all about her pies in the oven. A deeper feminine note than her housekeeping pride had been touched, and she stood under the big elm by the well gazing off persistently upon the stretch of yellow road that wound past the farm gate and up Buzzard's hill. A turning had hid the solitary walker momentarily from sight, but presently the figure appeared again, relieved jauntily against the sky, with the white parasol like a nimbus around its head. There was a coquettish, worldly air about its slender height, suggesting forcibly the Newport Casino, or the beach at Narragansett Pier, or the fish pond at Rodick's, and a graceful ease in its languid gait which could only have been acquired on city pavements. But these were lost on the observer, whose eyes rested hungrily upon the crisp white gown invested with the indescribable something of style and distinction recognized and offered homage by every woman whatever her degree.

Poor Mrs. Hinkley had never owned a well fitting dress in her life. She had never seen one of Doucet's masterpieces before.

"I guess," she said to herself in astute reflection, "I guess she has her things made out."

Ah, didn't she have her things made out! Miss Mary Grinnell's poor papa could have answered for that as he filed away the bills for her summer wardrobe—an array of marvelous confections intended to do execution at a half dozen watering places. Why, after all these expensive preparations made with gleeful anticipations, his charming daughter should have elected suddenly to spend the summer with Aunt Matilda, on a New Hampshire farm, was a mystery that this wise parent did not attempt to solve.

He simply set it down at once as one of those things never to be revealed, like the whereabouts of the north pole and the real author of Shakespeare's plays, asked no questions, raised no objections, checked the trunks and saw the two ladies safely into the train. Aunt Matilda, with a kodak, a library of French fiction and a small botanical press, and her niece, wearing a curious, half defiant expression, not at all unbecoming. In fact, it gave her a new attraction in the eyes of a young man who watched the parting from the distance smiling to himself, as if secretly amused, and taking his seat in another car as the train rolled out of the station, snorting and puffing merrily.

The farmhouse was a blow to Miss Mary's feelings. There had been a plain supper of baked beans, and smoked beef, and soggy bread, and pie and cheese, with plenty of milk, to be sure, but milk just warm from the cow. And then the evening had settled down—the long, lonely summer evening. Aunt Matilda sat by the student lamp inside absorbed in one of Gyp's novels, and oblivious of mosquitoes, while Mary, strolling outside, lingered on the piazza, while a sickly moon peered at her between the pine boughs, and through the air, sweet with the scent of honeysuckle, came the shrill squeak of the cricket and the complaining of a whippoorwill. It was not a silence, and yet stiller than

any silence could be. She cried herself to sleep by and by.

But with the morning her elastic young spirits revived. In a freak of mischievousness she drew out from her boxes the elaborate and very unsuitable toilet which had stirred Mrs. Hinkley's soul to its depths, and she appeared at the breakfast table as a vision of loveliness and freshness, at which the shy old farmer gazed entranced and at which Aunt Matilda cried out in severe disapproval. She coaxed and smiled and wheedled until every one grew into a good humor, and as she started off for her walk even that grim spinster relative bade her goodbye with a relenting heartiness, realizing how effectively the fin de siècle figure would come into the landscapes of the kodak.

Mary walked along with the pale dust gathering on the little white shoes and the pink lining of the white parasol deepening the bloom on her dimpled cheek. Mary was trying to settle a weighty question in her mind. She knew its truthful answer well enough, but pride and stubbornness made her willfully blind.

The sun beat down fiercely upon the leghorn hat as it neared the summit of the little hill. A large oak tree crowned the height, with a seat beneath its boughs, upon which Miss Grinnell seated herself like a Watteau shepherdess. Starting up hastily she gave a cry of surprise. Before her, gazing with great, mournful eyes into her own, stood a pretty calf, apparently not at all frightened by the intrusion of a stranger upon his feeding place, and, like Mrs. Hinkley, regarding Doucet's muslin with approval. At first the city bred damsel was startled, but in a second she saw that he was fastened to an iron stake near by and that his orbit was limited. So she laid down the white parasol and began to pat the intruder on the head, talking to him the sort of nonsense with which women always address babies and animals.

He seemed quite won by these attentions, and Mary was charmed. She rose and walked about, calling him to her. He followed obediently; and she began to think seriously of buying him from the farmer to take back with her for a pet, when suddenly something sent him into a panic. He started back and ran around and around her, frightened half out of her senses, and before she realized what was happening Mary found herself wound up tightly with the calf and the rope and the stake. At first her sense of the ridiculous got the better of her terror, and she laughed aloud at the oddity of her position. But in a moment she saw its awkwardness and hopelessness as well, and she struggled to free herself, while the poor calf, in blind bewilderment, ran to and fro, drawing the tangle tighter and making escape less possible.

At this critical moment a cool, well bred voice behind her broke in. "Good evening, Miss Grinnell," it said as politely as if she had been walking down Fifth avenue instead of in such an absurd plight. Ah, me! The pink lined parasol was nowhere in comparison with the blush those few words brought out.

"Oh, Rob!" she cried. "Save me! Where did you come from? Can't you take me away from this dreadful beast?" "Not until you answer me the question I asked you the other night. Do you think it was right to run away and leave me in the lurch as you did, with no address, and did you suppose I should not hunt you up directly? No, Mary. Come, which is it to be—yes or no? I will drive away the calf whichever it is, but you must answer me one way or the other at once."

The young man had not smiled, although the picture was funny enough to have sent a stoic into fits of laughter—poor Mary, flushed and tearful, fastened up against the stake, with her white ruffles crushed and ruined, and the innocent calf, pinioned at her side, still fastening his big, wistful eyes upon her face.

"Oh, Rob," she said again, "you know I meant yes all the time. We women always do when we say no."

Well, they forgot all about the poor calf. Hours later they strolled in to supper, having confided in Aunt Matilda, who bestowed a blessing upon them and announced in majestic tones to the Hinkleys the arrival of her niece's fiancé. "He may be a fiansay," thought Mrs. Hinkley to herself, nodding sagely, "but if he ain't keepin' company with her I miss my guess."

Somehow the supper did not strike Mary as being so dreadful that second night. The farmer thought he had never seen a girl so pretty before, and tried to make conversation.

"Mother," he said, "what do you think! You know that calf of Spotty's that was fastened upon the hill? Waal, I vow ef the critter hadn't contrived to git onbitched somehow or other, and there 'twas strollin' round down the road. 'Lonze Briggs' man fetched it back this aft'noon. Cur'ous, ain't it?"

"Why, wan't you up on the hill, Miss Grinnell?" asked Mr. Hinkley suddenly. "You didn't see nothin' of the calf, did you, while you was there?" "Well, it seems to me I did see one when I first reached the top, but I don't remember noticing it when I came down," said Mary, dimpling and laughing. The young man laughed too.

"I guess 'twas scarce. I guess them fiances and flummies diddles scarce it." Mr. Hinkley's great bulk shook with amusement. He found himself a real wit. Neither Horace Walpole nor George Selwyn ever felt any greater satisfaction in a bonmot.

"I guess they did," responded Mary, and the whole table laughed again. There is something contagious in reckless happiness.

That night Aunt Matilda finished "Monsieur Fred" by the student lamp, and Mary sat out on the piazza again. The moon peered through the pine boughs, too, but this time it wore a smile, while the cricket and the whippoorwill had tuned their monotony to a major key. Yet still there hung over all the stillness which was not a stillness after all, and Mary cried herself to sleep again. But this time she cried with happiness. —Chicago Post.



Mrs. William Lohr
Of Freeport, Ill., began to fail rapidly, lost all appetite and got into a serious condition from
Dyspepsia She could not eat vegetables or meat, and even toast distressed her. Had to give up housework. In a week after taking
Hood's Sarsaparilla
She felt a little better. Could keep more food on her stomach and grew stronger. She took 3 bottles, has a good appetite, gained 22 lbs., does her work easily, is now in perfect health.
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An abstract of the Annual Report made January 1, 1892, to the Board of Control of the State of New Jersey, and filed in the Department of the Secretary of State in pursuance of law.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1892.

Bonds and mortgages	\$138,400 00
Real Estate	3,000 00
U. S. and other bonds	21,284 00
Interest due and accrued	4,040 00
Office furniture, etc.	500 00
Cash in bank and office	19,976 87
Total	\$183,599 87

LIABILITIES.
Due depositors (including interest) \$200,267 94
Surplus 17,331 93

Interest is credited to depositors on the first days of January and July in each year for the three and six months then ending. Deposits made on or before the first business day in January, April, July, and October, bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited at once becomes principal and bears interest accordingly.

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KEEPING POSTED

is the duty of every man and woman. If you keep posted you will know how to save money. One dollar saved means two dollars earned. We want your trade and are willing to make inducements to get your trade. As a starter how is this: Silver watches were \$10.00, now \$8.00; also some were \$12.00, now \$10.00.

Handsome Mantel Clocks, regular price \$4.00, now selling at \$2.00. Nickel Alarm Clocks, warranted for a year, \$1.00 each. Gentlemen's solid 14 K Gold Watches have been \$60.00, now reduced to 50.00, spot cash.

Ladies' Solid Gold 14 K American Watches have been \$40.00, now at 30.00 to 35.00, depending on the ornamentation.

J. KENDALL SMITH,
663 Broad Street, Newark.

ESSEX COUNTY ORPHANS' COURT.—In the matter of the estate of Asahel G. Darwin, deceased, alleged to be insolvent. Order to limit on representation of insolvent. Josephine Darwin, Administratrix of Asahel G. Darwin, deceased, having represented to the Court on oath, that the personal and real estate of the said deceased, according to the best of her knowledge and belief, is hereby directed and ordered by the Court that the Administratrix give public notice to the creditors of the estate to exhibit to said Administratrix under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate, within six months, by setting up such notice in five of the most public places in the county, for the space of two months and also by advertising the same for the like period, once a week, in the BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN, a newspaper printed in this State, Dated July 7, 1892.

JOHN B. DUSENBERRY, Surrogate.

ESSEX CIRCUIT COURT.—NOTICE is hereby given that a writ of attachment at the suit of Thomas Milburn against the rights and credits, moneys and effects, goods and chattels, lands and tenements of W. F. Collins, a non-resident debtor, for the sum of seven hundred and twenty dollars, issued out of said court on the twenty-fifth day of March, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-two, and returned into court, duly executed by the Sheriff of the County of Essex, in the State of New Jersey, on the first day of April, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-two.

Dated August 10, 1892.

GALLAGHER, RICHARDS & DODD, Attys.

ESTATE OF THOMAS ALBINSON, Deceased.—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dusenberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executors of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the undersigned under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

THOMAS H. ALBINSON,
FREDERICK B. FILLIS.

August 18, 1892.

ESTATE OF JOHN BAUSEWEIN, Deceased.—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dusenberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the undersigned under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

AUGUST BAUSEWEIN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.—NOTICE is hereby given that the accounts of the Subscriber, Assignee of George K. Sutphen, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the 24th day of November next.

HARRY E. RICHARDS.

Dated September 15, 1892.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.—NOTICE is hereby given that the accounts of the Subscriber, Administrator of James A. Williams, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the 24th day of November next.

GEORGE E. DECAUP.

Dated September 15, 1892.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.—NOTICE is hereby given that the accounts of the Subscriber, Administrator of George K. Sutphen, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the 24th day of November next.

WILLIAM HALL.

Dated August 8, 1892.

1858. 1892.
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Fall Bulletin No. 2.

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